THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, August 31, 1807.

THE REVENGE.

(Continued from Page 671.)

HE now preferred a petition to the government, that he might pass his examination; but was not admitted on account of his expulsion. Thus cut off from every means of living, he found protection from despair only in the natural cheerfulness of his temper. He was on the point to enlist for a soldier, when a young nobleman, for whom he had once fought a duel, at Jena, offered him the situation of clerk, in a country village, which he accepted without hesitation.

The reflection that he was burying himself alive as parish clerk, in a village, in the twenty-fifth year of his age, was not much calculated to gratify his pride; but he endeavoured to banish the thought from his mind by every sort of whimsical conceit. Among other things, he sent a circular letter to all his university friends, announcing his promotion to the rank of parish clerk, and soliciting their future patronage.

One of these letters happened to reach Flugwild, with whom he had been engaged in important concerns, just at the moment of his disaster with Amelia. The thought instantly darted like lightning into his mind, of making Distil the instrument of his revenge. No one appeared to him better suited for the purpose, as he combined a fine manly figure, with great flexibility and vivacity of mind. Whatever else, therefore, was wanting, he resolved to supply with money.

Having formed his determination, he immediately wrote a letter to Distel, lamenting that his talents should be circumscribed within so narrow a sphere, and reproaching him for his want of confidence in his more fortunate friends. For his part, he declared, that he could not possibly suffer him to continue a

village clerk, and begged him therefore to resign his place directly, and repair to Hamburgh on a day appointed, where he would meet with his former friend, whose thoughts were occupied with plans for his future welfare.

Distel fell, as it were, from the clouds; but his fall was not a rude one—he comfortably let himself down on the green turf of hope. It did not cost him many tears or sighs to give up his clerkship, nor very many moments to lace up his wallet, with which he departed in high glee. He arrived on the appointed day, in the less free than honest city of Hamburgh, and proceeded directly to the hotel de Petersbourg. His dusty and shabby appearance would have precluded his admittance, had not Flugwild accidentally looked out of the window, and recognizing his friend, relieved him from his embarrassment.

The table was instantly covered with wine and glasses, and the door locked, to prevent any interruption in their familiar communications.

Distil burnt with curiosity to learn what plans his Jena bottle companion had to propose to him. No sooner, therefore, were old occurrences in Zwetzen and Lobstadt* gone over, than he introduced the subject with asking—

"Well, my good friend, what are you going to do with me?"

"You shall marry a girl that is both very pretty and very rich."

"With all my soul."

"But she is a fool."

"No matter."

"She has refused me."

"Not the most foolish thing, either."

"Because I am no nobleman."

"Am I one then?"

"You shall become one."

"How so, pray?"

Flugwild now discovered to him his whole project. Distil was to be entitled Baron Von Distelburg, a Bohemian noble, to be abundantly provided with money, and to remain a quarter of a year in Hamburgh, in order to exercise himself in dancing, riding, and other noble arts. Flugwild would then give him respectable letters of credit from rich houses in Vienna, Prague, and Hamburgh, which might be exchanged for others payable in Amelia's place of residence. Flugwild, of course, concluded, and with justice, that these new letters of credit would be made out on old Willmuth, whose firm stood the highest in that place. Distel was then to make his appearance with a considerable retinue, and produce his bills. The old Willmuth,

* Villages near Jena.

Willmuth, would, without doubt, as is the custom, invite him to dinner, upon which occasion he might become acquainted with Amelia, pay his addresses to her, and conclude the matter with a marriage.

"Well, what then?" said Distel, who sat listening with mouth and eyes wide open.

"Why then, there the matter ends. I have my revenge, and you a pretty rich young wife."

"And when the project fails, I have given up my fine clerkship for nothing."

"Fool! it *must* succeed; but should it not, I promise you a yearly allowance, three times greater than your salary for the clerkship."

"Very good," thought Distel, "if I have a written contract I am perfectly satisfied. To be sure the whole affair looked very much like an abominable fraud; but as the girl was a simpleton, such trifling chastisement was no more than her deserts, and might at the same time turn out well for her, as he was, after all, both a handsome and an honest fellow.

The contract was accordingly signed and sealed in due form. Distel's almost empty wallet, was soon converted into well-filled trunks, and overflowing purses. Baron Von Distilberg was occupied in Hamburgh for some months, with equestrian exercises, was very elegantly equipped, kept coaches, huntsmen, and servants; and proving to the merchants of Hamburgh, by his Vienna letters of credit, that he was a rich Bohemian nobleman, he obtained without difficulty, on his departure, new letters of recommendation to Peter Willmuth in D.

In an elegant English travelling chariot, surrounded by livery servants, he now repaired to the theatre of action, where himself was to perform the principal part. The very next day he visited Peter Willmuth, delivered his letters, and met with a polite reception. Pretending to have no particular acquaintances in that town, he of course received an invitation to dinner, which he accepted, attending punctually at the hour appointed. He was received by the old Willmuth, who entertained him with talking about wind and weather, 'till the dinner was on the table. "Call my daughter," said the old man, and the village clerk's heart thumped hard at these words. Two minutes after, a lovely girl made her appearance, attended by a lusty matron-like personage. Distel coloured as he had not been accustomed to do, and Amelia blushed as she had been accustomed to do every day.

"Baron Von Distilberg," said the old Willmuth, introducing him to the ladies. The young lady made a modest curtsey, and the old lady put on one of her complacent smiles, as the magic word baron reached her ear. They took their seats at table. Distel never turned his eye from Amelia. "A

thousand pities (thought he) that the girl is a simpleton." He had resolved on eating a great deal, and of talking still more; but he ate little, and uttered scarcely a word. His eyes were so much the more eloquent. Amelia had made a conquest. So Amelia thought, and so Lady Hedwiga said; nay, she was very warm upon the subject, when her pupil contradicted her, with the hope of being contradicted in her turn. "A man of rank," said she, "that is manifest at the first glance: for a plebian may be learned, and even polite, but that unaffected gracefulness of manners which adorns Baron Von Distilberg, for example, is not within his reach."

As to the case in point, the good Hedwiga was not altogether in the wrong. The shoemaker's son was certainly gifted with a peculiar talent for assuming the great man. He was particular in having his knife and fork changed with every course; gave his orders to the servants with his neck carelessly bent back; picked his white teeth, and displayed his brilliant ring; and that all with an air that stamped him unquestionably with high birth. The sly spark was soon master of the sage governess's weak side, and expatiated with the most consummate reverence whenever he had the misfortune to be alone in her company, not only on nobility in general, but also on the family of the Faltenwackels, in particular; nay, he drew tears from the good soul, one day, by roundly asserting, that he had read in some secret memoirs of the Portuguese history, of one Faltenwackel having principally contributed to the re-establishment of the house of Braganza on the throne. From the moment of this discovery, Lady Hedwiga was his steady ally, in the old sense of the word, (for according to its modern acceptation, it means one that deserts and betrays) she took cognizance of his sighs, and reported them to the proper board: for which act of kindness he indulged her with abusing the French revolution.

He was likewise on equally good terms with papa. He had scraped together at the academy a little smattering of knowledge in manufactures and merchandize, which he now improved by reading every morning a few hours in technological and elementary books. Thus equipped, he went to Peter Willmuth, and, what was the grand point in this matter, he knew how to display his little superficial information in so easy, unassuming, and seasonable a manner, as frequently to excite the astonishment of the old experienced manufacturer. The young nobleman thus shortly gained his good graces, and stood so high in favour as to be shewn about his manufactory —an honour which he never before conferred on any stranger. Distel profited by the occasion, to apply his commendations and praises with so much dexterity, that the old man set Lady Hedwiga

Hedwiga all on fire in the evening, by observing, that, for a nobleman, this baron was indeed a very intelligent man.

What Distil had effected with the father and the governess, by little artifices, was imperceptibly brought about with Amelia, without any art. At home he employed much time and pains in studying his looks and words, which all fled from him the instant he came into her presence. The fire which he had intended to throw into his looks, dwindled away into a pallid languor; and when he determined to look narrowly at her blue eye, he cast his own dark one to the ground. This did him no disservice with Amelia: for in love affairs, the girls are never better pleased than when they create a respectful distance by the power of their charms. The pseudo-baron was, therefore, far from being disagreeable to her. She felt a real satisfaction when she heard her father praise him; and was not angry when Lady Hedwiga gave significant hints of things that might be.

In this manner some months passed over. Flugwild, to whom Distel was obliged, under the veil of nocturnal darkness, to give in a report of his proceedings, now urged him to declare himself, and sue for Amelia's hand. The honest clerk's conscience, indeed, sometimes gave him a twinge for his assumed noble impudence; but his word of honour which he had pledged, the nothingness into which he would revert, if it were violated, and above all, his own desire of possessing the lovely girl, blunted the sharpness of these stings, which in the general pliancy of youth are not over rigid, and which become inflexible only with age.

He made known his wishes to the unsophisticated tradesman, with no small hesitation; but gained more courage as he proceeded to talk of his Bohemian estates, and his fine peasantry. The old man listened to him with a nod of his head every now and then, and promised to consult the principal person on this matter.

The principal person had no objections to make; and if she begged for a respite, in order, as she said, to get better acquainted with the baron; this was rather the effect of virgin modesty than distrust. Lady Hedwiga regarded this as very superfluous, and was even of opinion, that it was not befitting to detain the baron too long. The father, on the other hand, entirely accorded with his daughter, especially as he proposed making enquiries respecting his future son in law.

(To be continued.)

PARTING

PARTING SCENE,

BETWEEN A ZEALANDER AND HIS RELATIONS.

[From Savage's Account of New Zealand.]

MOYHANGER had remained on board the ship several days before our sailing, happy in himself, and determined to see the world; his friends and relatives came daily to see him—some approved, and some condemned his resolution; but Moyhanger remained unshaken, and the time arrived when he was to go through the ceremony of taking leave.

The canoe containing his kindred came alongside, and as soon as it was made fast to the ship, Moyhanger's father came on board. After a little preliminary discourse, the father and son fell into each other's arms, in which situation they remained near twenty minutes, during which time the right eye of the father was in close contact with the left eye of the son: abundance of tears were shed, and a variety of plaintive sounds uttered on both sides. The venerable appearance of the father, who is of their religious class, made the scene truly interesting.

When this ceremony was concluded with the father, Moyhanger descended to the canoe, and embracing his mother, mingled his tears with her's, in a similar way to that which had taken place between the father and himself—the same plaintive sounds were uttered, and evidently a great deal of affection expressed on both sides; but the time taken up in parting with his mother was not more than half of that which had been employed in taking leave of his father. His brother came next; when a similar scene of grief occurred, but of shorter duration: his sisters were embraced by him, but in a less ceremonious manner.

This interesting ceremony being concluded, Moyhanger ascended the ship's side, and all parties appeared cheerful and happy.

In the early part of this parting scene, the appearance of affliction was so great, that I was induced to interrupt it, by desiring that no separation might take place between friends so much attached to each other; but I found that it was a matter of course, whenever a native quits his parents, and that I should offend all parties by retracting my permission for Moyhanger to accompany me.

I wished to make a parting present to the venerable father, and I thought that some poultry might be acceptable: the old man declined every thing I could offer—however he had no objection to my making presents to any other part of his family; and we accordingly very soon got the better of this difficulty.

When

When the canoe left the ship, the father and mother kept spreading their arms, and looking towards Heaven, as if supplicating the protection of a superior power, in behalf of their son, during the whole time they remained within sight.

INTERESTING TRIAL.

SOMERSET ASSIZES,

August 12, 1807.

CHAMPNEYS, ESQ. *v.* RICHARDSON, CLERK.

THIS was an action brought by the plaintiff against the defendant, who is rector of Farleigh, in the county of Somerset, and was tried before Mr. Justice Lawrence, for the recovery of penalties accrued by reason of the defendant's non-residence.

Mr. Serjeant Lens, for the plaintiff, stated that the question to determine was a matter of fact, and not actuated by any personal concern; that the defendant being rector of Farleigh, and not residing according to the stipulations of a late act of parliament, had subjected himself to certain penalties. The learned serjeant said that this was the first action tried under a new form and a new code, which enacted that if any incumbent of a living not having a legal excuse was non-resident more than three months in a year, he was subject to a forfeiture of one third of the value of his living, and so on to the extent of three-fourths. A power, the serjeant said, was given to the bishop of the diocese, to excuse the party from that penalty which would otherwise attach, and that all complaints against the defendant for this breach of the law had been done away for a certain time, the defendant having obtained the licence of the bishop of the diocese, confirmed by the archbishop; but though the high and reverend prelates, who had judgment upon the propriety of renewing the licence, had determined the same should be withdrawn, yet the defendant was non-resident. The learned serjeant added, that the defendant's excuse was that his parsonage-house was let to a gentleman who resides in it, but that the difficulty on that account was easily obviated, there being clauses in the act of parliament as to the mode of procedure where tenants retain possession. The law, he said, was positive and precise, the penalty being adapted to the value of the living, to ascertain which, an application was directed to be made to the bishop, who returns the value of the living, and that his certificate in the present case stated it, after deducting land-tax and poor-rate, to be 92l. per annum.

The first witness called was John Harper, who said he lived at Farleigh Castle, in the parish of Farleigh, and that he was the parish clerk; that he had known the defendant for five or six years, who was the rector; and that the defendant did not reside in the parsonage-house, but one 'Squire Houlton.

The venerable the bishop of Bath and Wells was the next witness called, to prove the certificate of value, which was admitted.

Mr. Burrough, on the part of the defendant, strongly reprobated this action, which he said was not to be attributed to the cause or for the good of religion; but merely on account of a dispute in the month of September, a month of which the jury had often heard, on account of partridge shooting; and he, with confidence, assured the jury that so far from the plaintiff wishing the defendant resident in his parsonage-house, he was thoroughly satisfied that if his wishes could avail, the reverend defendant would be at the D—l. The learned counsel observed, that the defendant lived within two miles of his church, that he constantly and uniformly attended to the duties thereof, that the plaintiff was not one of the parish, and the truth really was that the defendant being out with his gun on the second of September last, on his own grounds, which are unfortunately near the plaintiff's, he was met by the plaintiff, who told him he must not sport there, an amusement the defendant declared he could not give up, when the plaintiff immediately reminded him he was non-resident, and that unless he gave up sporting, he would sport with him in a court of law, by an action for non-residence.

So much, said the learned counsel, for the motives which have caused this notable action, which, he trusted, the jury would discountenance, directing the same by their verdict to be winged out of court, to the discomfiture of the plaintiff.

The learned counsel said, that the parsonage house had been occupied by the late Mr. Houlton, the parson of the living, who had lain out a good deal of money there, until the time of his death, which took place in the month of December, 1805; that thereupon Mr. Houlton, his son, the present occupier, took possession, and now continued in the same; and therefore, he contended, that as the defendant was not wilfully non-resident, this action could not be sustained. The protective licence of the bishop, he said, expired in January, 1806, and as Mr. Houlton continued the possession of the house after his father's death, it was impossible the defendant could go there to reside, or that the necessary forms of law could be gone through to get Mr. Houlton out, before the action was brought. To prove this John Houlton, esq. was called, who said that upon his father's death he took possession of the parsonage house, and that he continued to occupy the same until Lady-

day, 1806, on his father's contract; but that then there was a new contract between him and the defendant, at an increased rent, which the learned counsel immediately admitted destroyed the whole of his defence; and a verdict was found in favour of the plaintiff for 30l. 16s. 8d. one third of the value of the living, and costs.

Before Sir Soulden Lawrence, and a Special Jury.

JACOBS *v.* CHOWNE.

THE plaintiff, who had lain his damage at 1000l. is a glass manufacturer, at Bristol; the defendant, a grocer and a glass manufacturer, at Exeter.

This action was brought for the purpose of obtaining a recompence from the defendant, for the injury the plaintiff was said to have sustained by reason of the defendant, who had lately commenced a glass manufactory at Exeter, having seduced the plaintiff's servants into his employ. In support of his case, the plaintiff examined several witnesses, but having failed in proving that the defendant had enticed any servants of the plaintiff into his employ, though it appeared that one of the persons in the defendant's service, of the name of Dean, who was defined to be the castor pot gapper, was the plaintiff's engaged servant, the plaintiff produced his attorney, who swore that he had called on the defendant, and informed him thereof, and demanded the dismissal of this servant, but that the defendant did not immediately comply therewith; though it appeared that the defendant discharged him as soon as he could obtain the opinion of his professional adviser, and which was a very short time after the plaintiff's attorney had demanded it; but this, in the opinion of the counsel, giving a ground for the action, a verdict was taken for the plaintiff, with the damage of one shilling, and this in opposition to the defendant's wishes, who was very desirous that his witnesses should be examined, as they would have explicitly proved that at the time the defendant employed the persons who had caused this action, he had not the most distant apprehension that they were the engaged servants of the plaintiff.

On the LIBERTY *of* SPEECH.

"The best way to maintain liberty of speech in parliament, is to make use of it."

LORD HAVERSHAM.

THIS discussion embraces one of those points, which must be confessed to be of the highest importance to a civilized

and free government, but on which opinions will necessarily vary, and the elucidation of which is attended with many difficulties. Liberty of speech, however, being restricted to particular situations, and to distinct associations of men, is susceptible of some definition. Here, therefore, it essentially differs from another principle of our political constitution. Unlike that of debate, the freedom of the press seems limited only by the law of libels, which unfortunately admits of so many evasions and exceptions, as in many cases to allow no salutary and effectual prohibition.

Liberty of speech is among the first requests made by the representatives of this country to the king, on the meeting of a new parliament. This petition, which is preferred by the speaker, as the mouth of the commons, begs,—"That the commons may, during their sitting, have free access to his majesty: that they may have freedom of speech in their house, and may be free from arrests." These requests are so usually conceded, that I know of no instance in which either of them has experienced the least resistance on the part of the crown. They comprise, indeed, the compact between the people and the monarch. They are the essential and legitimate conditions by which both these branches of our constitution co-operate for the welfare of the whole.

But this petition, it should be observed, is on the behalf of the lower house of legislature only; the upper house consisting of peers of the realm, who, in virtue of that dignity, are the hereditary counsellors of the sovereign, and by birth entitled to those franchises, which must be conferred on a commoner by the election of constituents.

I propose to divide the consideration of this subject into three heads, which may also admit of subdivisions. The primary distinctions are first, as it respects the speaker of the commons; secondly, as it affects the deliberations of the members of that house; and thirdly, as it refers to various public associations.

To be speaker of the commons, is to sustain an office of real dignity. He ought to be a person of great experience and ability in the concerns of parliament; of unsuspected integrity, of high public zeal, of firm and even dispositions, of strict impartiality, of conciliating manners, of a commanding address. He is the representative of the representatives of the people; he is the voice of the nation; and, as such, he is invested with a freedom allotted to no other subject. He may address to the throne the sentiments of the country. He is empowered boldly to utter the language of reprehension, as well as of congratulation.

He it is who can alone regulate the disputes of the senate, and from whose decision there exists no appeal.

With

With all its privileges, there are several limitations to the freedom of senatorial oratory. No allusion can be made to the king personally; no transaction ought to be attributed to a representative nominally; nor should any irrelevant topics be needlessly introduced. Public affairs may otherwise be fairly discussed, canvassed, and exposed.

Every man's dwelling being here deemed his castle, private opinion is unfettered and uninfluenced by political restrictions. Each person may think what he pleases, and, in general, speak what he thinks. This universal emancipation of mind, paradoxical as the position may seem, contributes at once to the independence of the individual and the security of the state.

Unlimited expression of sentiment, however, does not extend to subordinate meetings and popular societies. Such confederacies have always been vigilantly scrutinised by the governing power, and have, at various epochas, been wisely subjected to those ordinances which the circumstances of the times imperiously dictated.

It is not our reproach, that liberty is undistinguishable from licentiousness. Submission, with us, is doubtless "a proud submission," and one "which dignifies dependence;" but still it is submission. Our very liberties are a species of gratuitous concessions. An indescribable delicacy pervades and animates the whole of our body politic. What were once matters of supreme right have become matters of grace; and what thus became matters of grace, are now become matters of right —acknowledged, yet unenforced.

We *petition* for liberty of speech, but we *demand* that our petition be granted!

Compared with these united kingdoms, therefore, even as to the liberty of speech, there is no country in which authority and freedom are so admirably tempered. Our obedience is our choice. We know and appreciate our common advantages; but we are deeply sensible, at the same time, of the conduct by which only our privileges can be preserved, uninterrupted and unimpaired. We appear to solicit favours which cannot be denied; and by this system of acting preserve that decorum without which polished communities lose all their dignity and much of their felicity.

LEO.

June 24, 1807.

ETON SCHOOL ANECDOTES.

EARL STANHOPE was secretary of state to George the First: Whiston says, of this nobleman, "After he had been some time a courtier, I freely asked him whether he had

been able to keep his integrity at court; to which he made me no reply, whence I concluded he had not been able to do it, for he would never tell a lie." A different inference might be drawn from his silence, which probably was occasioned only by his disgust at the impertinence of the question.

Lord Stanhope was at Eton school with one of the Scotch noblemen who were condemned after the rebellion in 1715. He requested the life of his old school-fellow (whom he had never seen since that time) of the privy council, whilst they were deliberating upon the signing of the warrant of execution of these unfortunate noblemen. His request was refused, 'till he threatened to give up his place if the council did not comply with it. This menace procured him the life of his associate in early life, to whom he afterwards sent a handsome sum of money.

Of such advantage are sometimes the connections that are formed in public schools. What may profit, may likewise hurt. The gold that purchases bread may purchase poison, and the seminary that administers to virtuous and to honest friendship, may likewise administer to a society in vice and wickedness: yet, every thing in human life being but a choice of difficulties, it seems wiser to prefer a public to a private education, on account of the greater advantages it holds forth. A young man will, most assuredly, become wiser, and most probably more virtuous, by public than by private education; for virtue consists in action and in trial.

The following anecdote of the high sense of honour in two Eton boys, is well known to many persons who have been educated in that illustrious seminary.

"Two young men, one of whom was the late Lord Baltimore, went out a-shooting, and were detected in that unpardonable offence by one of the masters. He came up quickly enough to one of them to discover his person; the other, perhaps having quicker heels, got off unknown. The detected culprit was flogged pretty severely, and threatened with repetitions of the same discipline if he did not discover his companion. This, however, he persisted in refusing, in spite of reiterated punishment. His companion, who was confined to his room at his boarding-house by a sore throat (which he had got by leaping into a ditch to escape the detection of his master), on hearing with what severity his friend was treated on his account, went into school, with his throat wrapped up, and nobly told the master, that he was the boy that was out a-shooting with the young man who, with such a magnanimous perseverance, had refused to give up his name."

RETROS-

RETROSPECTION.

HOW vapid and tasteless appear our present enjoyments, when placed in comparison with those of more early days; and when a few more years have fled, the pleasures, that we now think of no value, will appear arrayed in vivid colours, like spirits of departed joys, to render those moments insipid. Thus it is that mankind are fated never properly to appreciate their present pleasures, nor to think they were valuable, 'till they are irretrievably gone, and numbered

"With the years beyond the flood."

For myself, I can speak with certainty, and, I believe, with almost the whole of mankind, it is the same; that the recollection of the years of boyhood, and their concomitant amusements, afford the mind of man more satisfaction, than any pleasures he has partaken since the time that placed him amidst a turbulent world; where the variety of contending passions, and separate interests, are eternally presenting themselves, to do away even the appearance of enjoyment. The boy at school toils through his task, and the hours of vocation; during this time, he will, probably, appear rather dull; but, the instant it is ended, and he has got through his business, he forgets all the anxiety it has occasioned him, and, with a heart light as the zephyr that plays upon his rosy countenance, he flies to play; and, during the pleasure-devoted hour, he *really enjoys* himself;—no thought of worldly pursuits, of how this bill must be paid, or that business completed, disturb his mirthful moments; and, when he is again summoned to school, he returns better able to pursue his studies, from the recreations of which he has been a partaker.

On the contrary, the man placed in the world, with a family to protect and provide for, with a business that he must attend to, and which depends, in a great measure, upon the individual exertion of his own mind, goes into a pleasurable party with but half the power of enjoyment. Just at the moment when his purest demonstrations of joy are called for by some passing occurrence, the recollection of some commercial concern of consequence, the dread of a heavy loss from the expected failure of some house he is connected with, or the harassing doubt of a law-suit he is engaged in, terminating in a verdict against him, start up, in spectre-like succession, to haunt his imagination, and to rob his breast of comfort. And when he returns from the scene of apparent pleasure, he almost, if not quite, regrets the time he has wasted upon an attempt to force enjoyment to his embrace. This, I fear,

if

if not always, is but too often a true picture of the human mind.

May 2, 1807. J. M. L.

DESCRIPTION *of* PLUMPTON ROCKS,

IN YORKSHIRE.

THE town of Knaresborough is very romantically situated on the elevated mass of rocks, which have been hewn into a wonderful variety of shapes, to make room for houses and gardens; sometimes, a rugged point of stone projects over a cultivated spot of ground, and tall firs and shrubs rise upon its summit: A winding path is seen ascending the steep to a fort, half embosomed in woods, which overlooks the vale, and is planted with artificial cannon. Rustic seats are placed at intervals, to relieve the wearied traveller, or to gratify the admirer of rural scenery. Below these rocks, the river forms itself into a circle, on one side clothed with thick verdure and groves of trees, on the other diversified with a winding shore, and the habitations of the villagers. The romantic ruins of the old castle to the left, have a fine effect from this point, rising majestically between two rocks fringed with ivy, and mouldering to decay. A continuation of the same rocks may be observed at some distance from the town, and it was sufficient for me to hear that they existed in a still more beautiful variety at Plumpton, to induce me to visit them; a disappointment in deviating from the road did not deter me from making a second attempt, nor had I reason to regret bestowing a little more exertion to obtain a sight of the romantic rocks of Plumpton.

The approach to them lay through an open field near the high road, and as I descended a valley they gradually opened to my view all their diversified prospects. This valley appeared abruptly terminated by a group of shrubs and trees, of mingled shades and shapes, too numerous here to mention: in the center was a fine lake of transparent water, on one side of which rose the rocks in the most romantic variety that can be conceived; sometimes they divided, and formed a long channel for the water which flowed between them, and sparkled on their flower-woven sides; here was seen a ponderous mass apparently torn from the summit, and precipitated into the lake, in which it stood, whilst the ruffled stream rippled round its sides, and the light shrubs and flowers starting from its crevices waved over the bosom of the waters: the borders of the lake were fringed with lively verdure, and intermingled with flowers and trees; and light green seats and rural pavilions gave to the scene an air of eastern grandeur. A grove rose at some distance

tance from the banks, through the openings of which gleamed the white rocks and perpendicular red cliffs: I proceeded up its irregular winding path 'till I arrived at a second valley, where in a cavity of the rock was placed a seat on which the lover of seclusion might fix his abode, and find funds for contemplation's "perpetual source of calm and pure delight."

To the right, a long and high ledge of rocks retreated in irregular forms, 'till they were concealed by the protecting shades of the woods: they were richly diversified and clothed with the twining ivy, the spreading underwood, the dark patches of green moss, and the rugged trunks and roots of the time-eaten oaks in their crevices, bending forward and deepening the silence of the waters over which they hung: The hardy dark firs towered upon their high summits, the light quivering aspins trembled to the breeze, and the tall poplars stretched their long arms between the branching sycamores. Here and there a few sheep were seen on the points of the precipice, cropping the short green herbage, or descending the path-worn sides of the rocks.

Before me, the irregular windings of the shore on the one side presented a fine contrast to the smoothness of the other; on that, a rude black rock eaten into caverns by the restless wave, and towering over the grove, overhung the flood, and frowned like the dark spirit of envy on the sunshine of domestic peace: for opposite, the mingle shades of the woods were relieved by the light crimson of the lilac in full bloom, the golden clusters of the drooping libernum, the red buds of the wild crab, and the pensile boughs of the light green willow, bending over and reflected in the clear glassy current.

A canopy of moss-grown rocks projected and formed a shelter over my head: as I sat viewing the scene before me, the rooks sailed slowly over the lake, the plaintive cooings of the wood-pigeons echoed through the valley, the hares limped awkwardly before me, and the melodious songs of the peaceful tenants of the grove saluted my ravished ears. The picture was complete, and I lifted the grateful emotions of my heart to the being who gave me powers to enjoy it, and who endued me with pleasurable sensations harmonizing with the bliss I perceived around me.

July 9, 1807. ERRATOR.

ORIGIN *of the* WASSEL BOWL.

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

IN the western counties, the custom of *wassel* is still preserved among the country people, with some particular ceremonies:

remonies: not, indeed, on the eve of the new year, but on the eve of Twelfth-day. The *wassel-bowl*, as it is still called, is filled with ale or cyder, into which is thrown a toast with spice and sugar, and the first libation is made to the apple-trees. They are sprinkled with the liquor, while a song is sung by the superstitious rustics, expressive of their wishes and hopes of a plentiful season. In towns the boys parade the streets on the eve of Twelfth-day, and sing the *wassel-song*. It may be observed that they make use of the old Saxon word, *was-heil*, without any alteration, either of its original meaning or manner of pronunciation. It begins—

"*Was-heil, was-heil* all o'er the town, &c."

i. e. we *wish health* to all the inhabitants.

In the Archœlogia, there is a particular account of an ancient chimney-piece, on which the *wassel-bowl* is carved, ornamented with leaves of the apple-tree. The gentleman who communicated his remarks on this remain of antiquity, conjectures that the *leaves* were emblematical of the good cyder which generally filled the bowl. I rather think they referred to the custom of carrying the bowl into the orchards, to sprinkle the trees with the liquor it contained, whether it were cyder or ale.

Your's, &c.
A SHAKESPEARIAN.

The ORIGIN *of* COCK-FIGHTING.

[From Dr. Toulmin's Edition of Elian's Various History.]

THE Athenians, after the conquest of the Persians, passed a law, "That there should be a public cock-match, on the stage, every year." I will explain what gave occasion to this statute. When Themistocles led the forces of the city against the Barbarians, he saw some cocks fighting; nor did he view them with indifference: but commanding his army to halt, he thus addressed his soldiers: "These do not assail each other for the sake of country, nor for their paternal gods, nor for the sepulchres of their heroic ancestors, nor for glory, nor for liberty, nor for children; but for mastery. By this speech he roused the spirits of the Athenians, and he wished to perpetuate the memory of the incident by which he animated their courage, as a stimulant to the like exploits.

Note.—Mr. Upton supposes that another reason, for the institution of cock-matches by Themistocles, may be asssigned besides that given by Ælian: namely, to preserve the memory of his Persian conquest, as that bird first emigrated from Persia into other countries.—Eustathius, it may, however, be observed,

served, attributes to the same origin as Elian does, the annual cock-fightings of the Athenians.

CURIOUS MARRIAGE.

THE following remarkable wedding took place lately at Ellesmere, in Shropshire: a person whose name is John Hughes, an old bachelor, in his 86th year, and who has been bell-man of that town upwards of 60 years, has been married there to Mrs. Anna Dulson, of the same place, aged 82 years. The bridegroom's-man was 78; the bride's-maid 75; making a total of 320 years. The novelty of the scene brought together a vast concourse of people; the church-yard being crowded while the ceremony was performed. The happy couple were met at the church-door by three musicians, playing "Come haste to the wedding:" and were conducted by them through the principal streets, amidst hundreds of spectators, to the Black Lion Inn, Scotland-street, where fifty persons sat down to a plentiful dinner given by the bridegroom, and 36 to tea; the day was spent with the greatest mirth and good humour, and the whole concluded with a ball at night, which was opened by the bride and bride's-maid.

NAVAL ANECDOTE.

ADMIRAL ESSINGTON, who at present holds a high command in the Baltic fleet, was a few years since *under a cloud*, as the seamen say, at Birmingham, and was indebted much to the hospitality and kindness of the people of that vicinity. A friend passing through to London promised his interest, obtained him a ship (the Ardent, of 64 guns), and advanced what was necessary to set him *afloat*. He sailed, took two Dutch East-Indiamen, joined Admiral Keith at the Cape, and partook in the capture of the Dutch squadron. On his homeward voyage he took another rich vessel, and landed in a state of opulence. A short time after he read the name of one of his Birmingham friends in the London Gazette; he took post-horses, and was soon there. "How much did you break for?" "Five thousand pounds." "Pshaw! (exclaimed the generous tar) that is nothing," and he instantly gave to the friend of his *foul-weather* season—a draft on his banker for ten thousand pounds!

[*"The RING" will be resumed in the Entertainer for the 14th of September.*]

Answer, by J. A. Dyer, of Taunton, to W. D's Rebus, inserted July 6.

WHEN pains of death beset me round,
May I a PENITENT be found!

† Similar answers have been received from J. R. S. R. of Awliscombe; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; R. Loosemore, and J. Joyce, of Tiverton; a private of the loyal Meneage volunteers; H. Ellis, of Exeter; J. Trood, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; S. Kendrick, and W H. H. of Totnes; G. A. T. Arden, of South Petherton; John Lewis, and Hester Easter, of Poole; and J. Whitnell, of Street.

Answer, by W. D. of Bristol, to J. Joyce's Rebus, inserted July 9.

JOIN the three parts, INHERITANCE you'll see,
By which in law is meant estates in fee.

☞ We have received the like answer from J. Trood, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; J. R. S. R. of Awliscombe; S. D. of South Petherton; H. Ellis, of Exeter; J. Woodman, of North Curry; and J. Ryan, of Stonehouse.

Answer, by S. D. of South Petherton, to J. Ryan's Anagram, inserted July 13.

ATH is the town, beyond a doubt,
Your anagram will sure make out.

§‡§ A similar answer has been received from G. A. T. Arden, of South Petherton.

A REBUS, *by J. C. of Ottery.*

A Distance, Sirs, must first be found;
My next in winter doth abound;
A letter now must come in rear,
And then my whole you will declare.

A REBUS, *by G. A. T. Arden, of South Petherton.*

ONE-HALF a poet, Sirs, you first must name,
Whose works shine bright upon the list of fame;
My second was, in God's almighty hand,
A plague to punish the Egyptian land;
And may my whole good peace and order keep,
That we upon our beds may safely sleep!

A CHARADE, *by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater.*

IN lonely cot, remote from noise and strife,
My pious first devotes to Heaven his life;
Free from all worldly, perturbating care,
He unto Heaven prefers his humble prayer;
And while my second comes upon him fast,
He may expect each day to be his last:
Blest with content, he envies not the great,
But in my peaceful whole, his lone retreat,
Serenely waits until the tyrant death,
Shall deign to rob him of his vital breath.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

TO MORNING.

COME balmy morn! serenely fair,
Come scatter thro' the breezy air
Rich fragrance from thy wings;
Joyous thy rising orb I greet,
That daily to my lov'd retreat
The smile of pleasure brings.

There was a time when fate prevail'd,
When grief and hopeless love assail'd
This heart immers'd in care;
There was a time, sweet morn! when I
Gaz'd sadly at the glowing sky,
Nor found one beauty there.

But fortune now, with smiles serene,
Irradiates every changeful scene
Of nature and of art;
Pleas'd, with thy earliest bird, I rise,
And pour, delighted, to the skies
The incense of the heart.

ODE *to* PATIENCE.

NYMPH of the ever-placid mien,
With humble look, and soul serene,
In fortune's adverse day;
Who calmly sit'st amidst the storm,
When bursting round thy angel form,
Nor murmur'st at its sway!
Oh! now regardful of thy spell,
While heaves my aching bosom's swell,
Each grief, each pain reveal'd,
Still trembling in the dang'rous maze,
When ills assail, be near to raise
Thy strong, protecting shield!

Full many a heart, by sorrow try'd,
Has felt the balm thy hand supply'd
To ease the wretch's woes,
As resignation lifts on high,
Not vainly so, the trusting eye,
And sooths him to repose.
Yet ah! upon thy steps no less
The watchful fiends, relentless, press,
To urge their fell controul:
How oft they aim the pois'nous dart,
In vain, to strike thy gentle heart,
And fright thy tranquil soul!

Methinks I see thee, even now,
With hands compos'd, and halycon brow,
While glaring near thee stand,

(Undaunted

(Undaunted thou behold'st them wait,)
The vengeful ministers of fate,
A dreadful, num'rous band!
Then stern misfortune frowning lowers,
And chills the heavy-passing hours,
Mad anguish writhing nigh;
And drooping misery, and scorn,
And weeping poverty forlorn,
Their different efforts try:
There base ingratitude, and lo
Sly falshood striking off the blow
In friendship's specious guise,
Whose hell-born art can none avoid,
By sad experience fully try'd,
The guarded, nor the wise!
Tho' ne'er invok'd before, thy aid
Refuse not then, propitious maid!
This warmly-votive hour;
A suppliant at thy shrine, decreed
By many a bitter wrong to bleed,
Implores thy pitying power:
With pious hope, thy sister friend,
Oh! hither come, thy succour lend,
To quell this painful strife;
And teach me now, with rising thought,
And breast with conscious virtue fraught,
To bear the ills of life!

Liverpool. G. W. C.

ODE *to* GENIUS.

IF love would last, and youth would stay;
Under the greenwood shade,
I could be well content to play
The soothing hours of life away
With one enchanting maid!

But other far than blissful sighs,
And hopes of beauty born;
Ambition's meed the man must prize,
Ere long or woman will despise
The brow no wreaths adorn.

Oh thou! whose animating voice
Can deepest glooms pervade;
And bid the trembling heart rejoice:
Oh thou! whose unresisted choice
My ardent will obey'd—

Genius! to thee, with holiest zeal,
My constant vows arise!
To me thy vision still unseal;
Still let my kindling spirit feel
The rapture of the skies!

Me virtue guide, and fancy warm,
And wisdom yet inspire;
Let others brave the public storm,
Where tempests must the soul deform,
Untainted I retire.

No towering views my thoughts inflame,
No envious hopes excite:
Me if the muse shall not disclaim,
I ask but this unboastful fame—
"In me, Oh muse! delight!"

LEO.